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THE COWARD'S WAY.

The morning organ of the "American" party in its series of "reasons" why the Kearns ticket should be elected, yesterday made wholesale charges of crime against the present city administration. The first of these charges is that the taxpayers "are being systematically robbed by several employes of the Morris administration." The second charge recites that "a city official 'borrowed' from Salt Lake City a large sum to square himself with Salt Lake county last year."

Another charge is that the head of a department is "padding the payrolls and dividing up with the employes." Finally, after making the statement that more than $50,000 "was stolen from Salt Lake county during the past three years," the "American" organ says: "The chances are half that much has been stolen from Salt Lake City within the past twelve months."

We are told that the immaculate Ezra Thompson and an "American" party council would send these alleged criminals to the penitentiary. Why wait for the election of the Kearns ticket?

If the "American" organ knows of any misappropriation of funds, any crimes of any kind that have been or are now being committed by employes of the Morris administration, it is the duty of the organ to lay its facts before the county attorney.

Could a better campaign argument be imagined than the conviction of present city employes for embezzlement of public funds? Would it not be a much better argument than a cowardly attempt to discredit the entire Morris administration with a blanket accusation of fraud? We have no patience with a man or a newspaper that lacks the courage to fight in the open, to fight fairly and honestly and honorably instead of skulking cur-like behind a breastwork of anonymity.

To concede that the organ of the "American" party has sufficient evidence to support its charges is to convict the organ of absolute idiocy, for if it had the proofs the facts would long since have been laid before the proper prosecuting officer. The truth is, there is no proof. There is nothing but groundless, baseless rumor in support of the lying accusations.

We challenge the organ of the "Americans" to produce a scintilla of evidence against any head of a city department, and if it does produce such proof we give our pledge here and now to join with it in an endeavor to punish the guilty, whoever he or they may be, regardless of its effect on the campaign now being waged in Salt Lake City.

Give us the proofs, give us the specifications.

DININNY.

An impetuous citizen by the name of Dininny, is out with a declaration that if the "American" party does not carry the city this fall, a thousand men will leave Salt Lake before the New Year, himself among the number. Valuable as is Mr. Dininny's presence to the community, and much as we should regret to lose the gaiety which he contributes, we can imagine worse things than the lull in conversation which would follow his departure.

It is characteristic of Dininny that he should assume to be spokesman for the sorcheads who refuse to play unless they can be "It." In a long and active career here he may possibly have been satisfied for a moment or two with the management of the universe; but if he has, the fact has been concealed most carefully. Like a good many other men, he cannot be content unless he is kicking, and when he goes to his heavenly home he'll be threatening to move unless the administration of the New Jerusalem is adjusted to his own particular views of what it ought to be.

The Dininnys of this world must have some useful purpose, but it seems to be a little obscure unless one explains it as the old Methodist explained carbuncles, when he said they were probably a means of grace, but failed in his case.

* * *

When it comes to statistics, Dininny does not let fact interfere with imagination a little bit. He estimates the loss to Salt Lake in the contingency of "American" defeat, at a thousand men. Assuming that population is the chief thing desired in a city, we could even endure the loss of that many featherless bipeds, provided we were allowed to select the thousand who were to leave; but we do not believe a thousand or a hundred or even ten desirable citizens will leave Salt Lake if the "Americans" lose.

On the other hand, if the "Americans" continue to knock Salt Lake and sow broadcast the sort of stuff they have been distributing for two years; if they vouch for the truth of the declaration that the city is unfit to live in, that life and property are endangered, that all, or practically all of its citizens are traitors to their country, that there is no possibility of profitable business enterprise here—if they continue that sort of attack on the whole community regardless of the result, the influx of population naturally will be stopped. But even then, those who live here will not leave unless they are of the class that is continually "moving because it can succeed nowhere, and attributes failure to everything but individual incompetency.

* * *

A well known lawyer in the "American" party declared in its convention he was going to leave town because the "Mormon question" had driven him out of business. He did not attempt to explain why Judge Dickson or W. M. Bradley or Judge Henderson or any other of a large number of lawyers have attained success here, and like the place well enough to stay. Everybody but himself knew that he failed because he deserved to, and that he would have succeeded if he had deserved it.

The same condition applies in business: competition is keen, the commercial possibilities are limited, the presence in business of the "Mormon question" undoubtedly restricts opportunity, but in spite of that, such types as the Auerbachs and the Walkers and numberless others have achieved great success. In mines, in railroads, in a dozen large lines, the non-Mormons have almost a monopoly of achievement, with failures as well as triumphs, but no one attributes the failures to the lack of support for the "American" party, or threatens to leave if that party dies at the polls.

The cold fact is that the "Americans" of the Dininny pattern threaten to leave in much the same spirit that a child threatens to quit and go home when anything happens to thwart its pleasure; and like the spoiled child, what they need most is to be spanked and sent to bed. Which will happen on election day.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

In the death of Sir Henry Irving the stage has suffered a serious blow. At this time there is no tragedian in England or the United States, with the possible exception of one, who seems worthy to succeed him. The exception is another English actor, Forbes Robertson, whose Hamlet has been accorded the highest praise on both sides of the Atlantic ocean. But Mr. Robertson is yet to be thoroughly tried. Sir Henry Irving had met every test.

His career was a conspicuous example of the theory that stage greatness, as greatness in other walks of life, is not achieved in a night. The exceptions to this rule are so few that they might be noted on the fingers of one hand. Irving's success came through work, work, work. Even after he had reached heights of which he hardly dared to dream in the days of his early struggling, he continued to work. With infinite attention to detail, with the most careful study of every part he undertook, he earned his right to his title of the greatest tragedian of his day.

In his time Sir Henry Irving played many parts. Some he played better than others, but all of them he played to the best of his ability. Irving was born sixty-seven years ago in Keinton, near Glastonbury. At the age of 18 years he decided that the stage was his vocation, and he never swerved from it, though his discouragements and failures were frequent. He played in the provinces for three years before, in 1859, he undertook a London engagement.

His first metropolitan venture resulted in failure but, undismayed, Irving returned to the provinces and worked harder than ever. Seven years elapsed before he considered himself far enough advanced to again appear before a London audience. In 1866 he returned and, in "The Bells," "Charles I," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Macbeth" and "Louis XI," he won a hold on the affections of London that he kept until the day of his death.

Sir Henry was as well known in the United States as in his native country through his many visits here. And he was one of the few English stars to win the affections of the American public. Through the force of his magnificent genius he commanded a large following, and thousands of American playgoers were looking forward with keen interest to his promised appearance in the United States this winter.

A morning contemporary would have us believe that if the "American" ticket is successful all future semi-annual conferences of the Mormon church will be held in Provo. Yes, indeedy, they are going to move the temple, the tabernacle and the assembly hall down to Provo right away. They are going to move Ensign peak and the joint city and county building.

The inquisitors are going to ask President McCurdy how it is that his family has so many fat places in the Mutual Life Insurance company. Mr. McCurdy will doubtless explain that he can't afford to support all of his relatives, even if he does draw a fat salary.

No, we really do not think the hierarch ought to be blamed for the fact that the duck shooting this year has not been as good as usual. Still, the ducks may be keeping away from Utah because the hierarch is in control of affairs.

Having already tasted the bitter cup of defeat, Mr. Anson, nominee of the "Americans" for the council in the Fourth, will know how to be philosophical this year. And, come to think of it, so will the other nominee, Mr. Ferry.

Professor Dougherty of Peoria seems to have tried to see just how far he could go in the line of stealing money. And the length to which he went shows the value of a good reputation.

It was right mean of Mr. Harriman to throw Mr. Hyde out of the Union Pacific board of directors. Mr. Hyde could do a lot for Mr. Harriman in a social way.

There is some reason for believing that if Chief Lynch is elected mayor he will appoint himself to his present position and then resign the mayoralty.

A twenty-five-year telephone franchise in New York City is estimated to be worth nearly $7,500,000. Yet there are people who say that talk is cheap.

No, Best Beloved, the given name of Mr. Flammer, nominee for district attorney in New York, is not Flim, even if he is a Republican politician.

The hand of the hierarch is fastening itself upon poor old Ogden. The street railway system there is to be improved.

NEW YORK'S NEW PLAYS

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—George Bernard Shaw, Henrik Ibsen and Hall Caine give literature to the New York stage this week? I won't invite controversy by saying they don't. Caine's contribution is a small, yet interesting concession to the demand for happy ends to sorrowful plays. In his novel, "The Prodigal Son," the contrite wanderer came home, paid off a mortgage which his profligacy had placed on the family farm and went away unrecognized into miserable expiation. At the close of the drama, as hitherto presented, the side of the house opened to show a picture of snow and storm with the prodigal disappearing into dismal night. Caine now provides a less logical but cherrier sight for spectators to take away in their memory. The bad son starts into the allegorical gloom, but his good brother goes after him and brings him back to the embrace of his mother and daughter. Mrs. Leslie Carter's reappearance in "Zaza," recalls a similar alteration by David Belasco. In the original French, the partially reformed woman flung herself into the degradation from which a sincere but unhappy love had raised her. In English, she is left clean and reasonably comfortable. No doubt it is discreet generally to let the audience wipe the tears from its eyes before quitting the theatre, yet there are such popular exceptions as "Camile" and "East Lynne" to disprove the rule.

George Bernard Shaw went up one step on the stairway of dramatic success with "Candida" and another with "Man and Superman," but he goes down those two steps with "John Bull's Other Island" and would fall lower if the floor from which he started were not there to stop on. The order had been issued that, after the beginning of the first performance at exactly 8 o'clock, no one might go to a seat until the act was over. Ardent Shawites assembled gladly on time, as rural worshippers do at prayer meetings appointed for "early candlelight," and when the curtain was raised, after ten minutes of grace for the tardy, only a few disobedient persons came into the lobby. And not so many waited, for several departed in anger and several disdained the ushers and made their own way to their places. It would have been far more difficult to enforce a rule forbidding folks to quit before the play was over. The audience shrunk away at the end of three acts, and when the lobster hour of 11 o'clock struck, with the play still unfinished, there was a rapid dispersal of tired and hungry scoffers. "It would read well," said a depressed yet still loyal Shawman, "but won't act at all."

This is the first Shaw play to be performed before publication; yet the title had told that it was Irish, for "John Bull's Other Island" could hardly be any other than Ireland. It has only one girl, an Irish heiress, who has waited eighteen years for her boy sweetheart, now an absentee landowner, to come home and marry her; but he returned with no such desire, and she, in sorrow and anger, matches herself with his English comrade. The whole of that love matter, broken into five-minutes fragments, occupies no more than half of one of the play's three hours. The principal Irishman (personated by Arnold Daly, the Shaw actor-manager), declines the Roscannan seat in parliament, his English chum accepts it and they disagree about it in long dialogues. The Englishman wheedles the local leaders in prolonged conferences and spellbinds the populace in protracted harangues. The parish priest and his unfrocked predecessor dispute each other's opinions. An English valet and an Irish tenant quarrel over their points of different view. No phase of society, religion or politics is omitted. And not ten in a thousand of the sentences sounds as though Shaw wrote it. It seems to me that, being Irish, he was to close to Irish subjects to view them with his Irish sense of humor.

Henrik Ibsen was visited last summer by two of our theatrical managers, who extended their European pleasure tour to Christiania on the business errand of hiring the Norwegian to write a play for them. They took along as a translator that man from Norway who, as Mrs. Pat Campbell's advertising agent, had augmented her publicity by covering the pavement in front of the theatre with sawdust, ostensibly to deaden the noise of hoofs and wheels to her sensitive ears, but really to bring on a row with the street cleaning bureau. Thus it was sure that the right thing wouldn't be said to Ibsen in the wrong way.

"Mr. Ibsen," one of the managers remarked, "you are greatly admired in America," and the interpreter put that into a wordier Norwegian compliment.

"What is America's smallest coin?" the Viking among dramatists asked.

"A cent, sir."

"Well, admiring Americans have never paid a cent for my work."

The intermediate operator was not abashed. In the frank tone of one Norwegian to another, he said: "There are a hundred cents in a dollar, and these two Americans will pay you five thousand dollars for the option on such a play as you can write for them."

"They may help themselves to what I have written," was the reply. "I shall write no more. My work is done."

The Progressive Stage Society helped itself, last Sunday, to the first of Ibsen's realistic dramas, and, oh, if the old man had been here to see what else happened to it! Although Ibsen was an actor and a stage manager in his earlier life, he for many years wrote none but poetically imaginative plays and all in blank verse. His departure into what we know as Ibsenism was made with a piece the title of which has been translated "The League of Youth" and "The Young Men's Club." He has more impressive dramatizations of poor humanity as he saw it around him in Norway, and he has treated its theme—which is hypocrisy among commercial and political magnates—more powerfully. And he has imbued the brutal candor of later plays with theatrical skill to make them possible for entertainment as well as for education. Throughout five long acts of this initial drama in his realistic series, however, the young men of a reform society talk and talk and finally fail of their purpose.

Now, our Progressive Stage Society embodies the desire of some cultured people to have what they regard as literary plays performed educationally. But their ambition o'erleaps their ability, and in this case it fell flat and hard on the further side of serious consideration. Their amateur actors made Ibsen ridiculous. They couldn't memorize the words, much less give the meanings to them. But worse than that was done to Ibsen. The Young Men's club listens to some addresses at a meeting in the first act, and it was meant that the assemblage should be as graphic in pantomime as any mob ever was in "Julius Caesar." But the fellows whom the oratorical hero won over to his cause had been brought in, I fancy, from the lounging corners of the Bowery, and, instead of the usual half-dollar, they were to get seats in the balcony during the rest of the play. Their service on the stage didn't help the representation and their conduct in the audience hurt it dreadfully. They developed a dislike of Ibsen, guyed the play and at length almost broke it up by a noisy retreat. This is a bad week for stage literature.

Nor is this week any better for stage art as newly disclosed. Joseph Jefferson's son, Thomas, has tried to play Rip Van Winkle as his father did. The failure of the earnest effort is not ridiculous—it is entirely respectable—yet it is sure. Practice may improve the performance, but can't make it perfect. Thomas Jefferson looks like his famous parent, as prepared for this role, speaks and moves like him, but it is all a physical copy with a near approach to mental resemblance, but with no duplication of the original charm of humor.

"This isn't Joe Jefferson's Rip as I last saw it," said one.

"If it were," another retorted, "it would have an old man's wrinkled face, a neck sun-baked like an allegator's hide by fishing in Florida bays and a set of false teeth to make the Dutch accent hiss and sputter. This is Joe Jefferson's Rip as it was half a century ago."

But that can't be so. Joseph Jefferson must have made Rip lovable from the outset, else the miserable sot couldn't have got into the public heart, nor the absurd play survived, even in that time of crudity in native stagecraft. The younger Jefferson was welcomed cordially by a big and handsome audience. He passed through the fun of Rip's encounters with his scolding wife and the scheming Derrick promisingly and the curtain was raised six times. He had some trouble with the drunken maltreatment of Gretchen, for he couldn't keep our sympathy from going to the tortured woman, although she was played with purposed harshness, and no tears dropped when the virago drove the scamp out of her house. Joe used to make us feel that Rip was the abused one, but Tom lets us use our common sense, and that won't do in this case. There were four recalls at the close of the second act.

It was not until Rip's adventure with the Hendrik Hudson spooks in the mountains, however, that the audience made up its mind positively. In that entire act, from the meeting of the inebriate with the keg-laden dwarf to his drink of magic gin with the dumb crew, no one save the single actor utters a word, and he has but seventeen sentences besides mere ejaculations. Yet Joseph Jefferson used to express as much of astonishment, curiosity and dazed alarm, all quaint with quiet humor, as though he had talked half an hour. Thomas Jefferson could not do more than carry the keg. The impalpable burden of interest was too much for him to lift from the ground and he did not once get in into sight. After the curtain fell on this act, the audience applauded barely enough to bring the new Rip Van Winkle out twice. Broadway had decided to accept him.

Lillian Russell has lived forty-five years and hasn't lost any of the beauty of twenty-five. Her voice has shrunk and her figure has swelled; her skin is painted and her hair is bleached, but the loveliness of her features remains unblemished and still is the American popular standard of perfection. She is our queen of cigarette packets and empress of poetic pets, our deity of decorative placards and goddess of resplendant billboards. Besides these things she is a fashion plate beauteously incarnated in the eyes of her sex. That reason counts for more than the others, I am thinking, to make the female crowds that go to look at her these afternoons. The theatre in which she is appearing for the first time in vaudeville within a quarter of a century is in the shopping district, and the advertisements, while vague as to what else she does, is explicit that she wears a brand new gown each week. The daytime audiences are composed chiefly of women and girls who have been taught pictorially, from childhood or infancy, that Lillian Russell is Venus transformed from Grecian haze to American palpability. And they go to the theatre, as they would to a bargain sale at a department store, expecting to find her marked down from dramatic to vaudeville prices. But the shoppers don't get her at cut rates. The charges at the variety show matinee, usually 25 cents to 50 at the box office, are marked up by the sidewalk salesmen to double and treble those figures.

The reason Proctor gives for charging as much for some minutes of Lillian in ballads as we paid last season for some hours of her in comic opera is that she costs him $2,000 a week. And I don't doubt him, for by chance I know that her salary at Weber & Fields' music hall was $1,000 weekly during eight months in the year, and she would be sure to double it for a shorter engagement in vaudeville. Lillian is wealthy, for one thing; she has domiciliate attachments for another thing, and she can choose the kind of work she will do for a living. What does she do for her high wages? Fourteen times a week—for she exhibits twice on Sunday, too—she sings four songs in fifteen minutes for a hundred and seven dollars, fourteen cents and three mills.

It is as a new sight, though, and not as a singer, that Lillian is a satisfaction to that portion of the public which is seeing her now. Her gown this week is white, with what I presume is embroidery all over and through it—or maybe it is lace—anyway, it is sleazy, and full of holes, and wouldn't do to make trousers of; and she carries a fluffy, feathery mass that is a muff, I guess; and from her fair, round throat to where her unknown knees ought to be hangs a string of pearls that, if they came from fishshells and not from beeswax, may have cost far more than even the big motor car that carries her to and from the theatre. She wears a smile, too, and it doesn't come off at any time during her songs. They are amorous in their words, and, although not passionate in manner, are very amiable. The first is a tribute in French to sexual affection, the second is an acknowledgment in English of the delights of a kiss, third is a most aesthetic appreciation of romantic love, and the fourth, with a cruelty to the personal pronoun not indicated by the sweetly ungrammatical lips, choruses a fond chap's assertion:

"I'll tell you what,
I'd give a lot
If the boy she loved was 'me!'"

The curtain closed down on no such "airy, fairy Lillian" as a poet laureate would rave over in rhymes, but such a pulmp lump of Lillian loveliness as the multitude can dote on as their wax doll ideal of perfect beauty. When the curtain opened up again we saw a stageful of monkeys, some of them big apes, in such contrast with the preceding exhibit that the manager may have meant they should—as they surely did—awaken us from a dream of fair woman to feel that it had been worth our money. The monkeys' activity, on food and lodging only, was quite as different from Lillian's inertness at $2,000 a week. She had looked no more sentient than a human curiosity on a museum platform. Yet I knew that, in her calmness, she had dissembled like an artist, for she had smiled when she had felt like weeping. She had come directly from a hospital, where surgeons had almost killed her daughter, and she was going right back to see if their kind cruelty might save her loved one's life.

FRANKLIN FYLES.

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

Now, Will Grover Be Good?

(Chicago News.)

Susan B. Anthony says Mr. Cleveland's article on the suffrage question is a "fugitive lot of generalizations couched in the big words of which he is so fond."

They Didn't Know He Was Loaded.

(Atlanta Journal.)

Word comes from Indiana that Mr. Fairbanks and Senator Beveridge are beginning to fear Governor Hanly. Wonder what Fairby and Bev have been doing?

Can't Get Rid of That Bee.

(Detroit Tribune.)

No matter what sort of gathering Secretary Shaw addresses, or what his topic, he has that same self-conscious look.

A Drop in the Bucket.

(New York Herald.)

Mr. Perkins testifies that he saved $40,000 for the New York Life. "That ought to help some."

May Be a Fling at Russell Sage.

(Kansas City Journal.)

Thomas A. Edison's remark that he doesn't associate with men whose lives are devoted to getting money sounds like a hint to deadbeats to keep away.

No "Sunny Endearments" for Him.

(Chicago News.)

After that last article on woman's clubs Grover Cleveland should perceive the desirability of a retreat to the most secluded fishing ground he can find.

Every Little Bit Helps.

(Chicago Review.)

It appears that J. P. Morgan & Co. never failed to get something out of a transaction, even if only a paltry few hundred dollars of interest.

Maybe the Breweries Got It.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

There is a deficit of $4,400,000 in the Dutch treasury. The dispatches do not say whether it was stock gambling or the ponies.

Won't Happen for a Few Years.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

We feel vastly relieved since we learn that Nikola Tesla is the mysterious scientist who proposes to "throw this planet out of its orbit."

This Settles His Chances.

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

We gather that our esteemed contemporary, the Novoe Vreyma, is not in favor of Roosevelt for a third or any other term.

This Is Where the Issue Comes From.

(Chicago News.)

Even in dull years Ohio can always be depended on to dig up some issue on which to pull off a red-hot campaign.

Distance Lends Enchantment.

(Chicago Review.)

From this distance the Ohio Democrats have the outward appearance of being pretty good Republicans.

Has a Foxy Aim.

(Detroit Free Press.)

When Castro buys guns the inference is that he is going to shoot at something with a view of missing it.